

## MOORISH SLAVE FOR SALE HERE

**SYMPTOMS ARE THAT HE WILL  
EVEN BE GIVEN AWAY.**

Abdullah is getting to be too much for the Gilbert White Studio—He's a Slave by Profession, Not Compulsion—Any Underground Railroad Welcome to Him

Gilbert White, portrait painter, has a Moorish slave named Abdullah. That is, he has. Abdullah may have been sold in open market by this time, because it was announced yesterday that he was going under the hammer. Any one who wants a fine Moor, 6 feet 3 tall, chest 48 inches, hips 17, hits 1,560 on the punching machine, should apply before it is too late to G. White, painter.

Abdullah is a real slave. That's straight. In spite of the fourteenth amendment he remains a slave. He insists.

An American showman went to Morocco to get natives for the St. Louis fair. He raised quite a bunch, and incidentally made a great hit with the Sultan by his recitations of "Casey at the Bat" and "Freda Leon, the Dread Boy Road Agent."

So when the Sultan said good-bye to the showman he sent a vizier to the showman for his slave. The vizier brought back Abdullah, who's a kinsman of Rabsul, the "Rabsul" dealer, and was captured in a raid. So Abdullah went to St. Louis with the show. All this on the authority of the showman's press agent, who drops out of the tale right here. Of course Gilbert White doesn't have any press agent. That is why the rest of this tale is so true.

When the show broke up the vizier didn't want Abdullah, nor did he. Neither did he offer him back to Morocco. So he offered him to White.

He'll never know the difference," said the showman. "Holding slaves is against the law, or rather it isn't sanctioned, but it's all right. He couldn't live any other way, and in them clothes he'd look great in a studio."

Well Mr. White didn't want to go against the fourteenth amendment, so he left it to Abdullah through an interpreter. At the same time he was all for it, and besides he liked the looks of the studio.

He didn't know any other way of living. So Mr. White became the only slave owner in New York.

This is straight. The rest of this story of Abdullah and Gilbert is only common truth. This is preferred truth.

So Abdullah abode in the studio, and saved himself a few new Moorish clothes when the old ones wore out, and became a domestic jewel. After he had done that he went to do a thing he did it perfectly thereafter. He learned to cook and to serve tea such a manner as to enrapture the ladies who came to have their portraits painted. He made only one break in the early stages of his tutelage. He'd been taught how to wash clothes. One day Mr. White spilled oil on his best, new sack suit. Abdullah was doing the washing that day and in went the suit with the rest of the wash. It was belted, scrubbed, rinsed and dried and then Abdullah's employer saw it again. It was in such a condition that even the old clothes man wouldn't have it. Abdullah's way of mixing up towels and napkins was so unimmaculate. When at a studio dinner he approached the chambermaid with a low bow and spread a six-foot Turkish towel over her lap it took a lot of explanation. Still, these were only incidents.

But Abdullah has certain warped Moorish ideas about the conduct of masters toward servants, and he has been a constant reminder to his master of his master's faults. He's fond of slapping them on the back and of slapping them on the back of their heads. He thinks it's all right. It is like a dog wagging his tail, or a cat rubbing against your legs. But let Mr. White's friends return the slap, and Abdullah is shocked and angry all through. That is considerable, for Abdullah is of the James J. Jeffries class.

Well, the other night White arranged a stag dinner for four in the studio. One of the guests was Emory Pottle, magazine editor and fiction writer. Another was Mr. White's friend, who had been introduced as Jones. Jones is in the shadowy world class physically. He had never been up against Abdullah before. So when the slave, who had been introduced as Jones, slapped him on the back, Jones slapped in return. To prove that he was really a good fellow and liked Abdullah, he slapped again and yet again.

Abdullah dropped the tray he was carrying and strode into the kitchen. Foreseeing trouble, White and Pottle followed him.

Abdullah was standing before the sink, drawing a broad knife across a whetstone. Now and then he would stop to feel its edge. Then he'd return to the whetstone and draw a new painting. Then he'd whet the back of the knife across his throat, and draw his plate go "err-r-r-r" in a dreadful fashion.

"Shall we take the knife away?" whispered Pottle to White.

"No," whispered White, trying to be calm. "You ought to see him stripped. I'll fix him." And in their private pidgin English he said to Abdullah:

"This is the way we treat crazy people in my country," said Abdullah, and he described four curves with the blade and let it rest over his heart, where he gave it a convulsive thrust.

"Don't kill him now," said Mr. White, still in pidgin English, "you'll spoil the dinner. He'll come back."

"All right," said Abdullah. "I'll get him, though," and he stuck the broad knife in the folds of his robe and went on with dinner.

The dinner wasn't wholly a success. Abdullah insisted on standing behind Mr. White's chair. Now and then when he caught Mr. Pottle's eye he would make some gesture toward his throat.

Just after the roast was served, White and Pottle, watching from the tails of their eyes, saw a charge cover over the feature of Abdullah. The Moor began to creep up on Jones. He was close behind Jones's legs, his left arm crept over the shoulder of his victim, his right hand crept into the folds of his robe, where the broad knife lay hidden.

It was a moment of tension. Pottle half rose from his chair. White tried to remember the first fall in jiu-jitsu—and then Abdullah's hand dropped to the table and grasped a dish, and Abdullah himself disappeared through the portieres into the kitchen.

"What's the matter with you, White?" Mr. Pottle looked well, said the unconscious Mr. White.

"Oh nothing. It's a little warm in here," said White.

Mr. Jones got out alive. When he paid his dinner bill Abdullah was out, and Jones was saved again. Then Mr. White got an interpreter from a rug store and explained fully to Abdullah the difference between Moorish and American ideas on slave etiquette.

On Saturday, however, it happened that a man came to the studio to have his portrait painted. He'd heard about Abdullah, but he hadn't informed the vizier waiting for the painter. Abdullah came in and slapped him on the back, and the vizier made the same mistake as Jones. White came in just in time to see the return slap, and further to see Abdullah duck for the kitchen. The manner in which Mr. White hurried his visitor out to have a drink and a cigar, and to see for the first time the Moorish slave, was heard to strike it from within.

White succeeded in remembering an engagement and making an appointment with his prospective sister for next Tuesday. Then he went back to the studio and another first slave sale to be held in New York for next Tuesday.

"This thing is getting to be a matter of business," said Mr. White.

## LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Max Hirsch received a letter yesterday from Saratoga Springs which adds another exhibit to the interesting correspondence collected at the Metropolitan. The letter was signed "C. F. Wells" and read:

"My wife purchased seat B318, dress circle, for the Thursday performance of the cycle during February. Last night my bill pup got hold of it and chewed it into fragments. The remains are such that they can easily be deciphered. Kindly advise me what we can do."

Mr. Hirsch is going to write Mr. Wells that his wife may enter the theatre and suggest that she bring the "remains" and the bill pup along with her for identification.

A cotton leader has officiated recently in several places of wholly different social importance. As he has always boasted that he was to be found at his last only in the most exclusive houses, his New York friends were surprised at the willingness he displayed to go to the places where he was not so high in the social scale.

"Oh, really," he said, when one of them happened to ask the cause of this indifference. "You were surprised to hear it? Why, do you know, I wanted to see how the other half dined."

Sympathy over the plight of the sparrows in the storm seems widespread, judging by the actions of the flock that gather on a clear strip of turf before the statue of Farragut in Madison Square Park. Some of the back drivers have scattered oats on the grass, and the sparrows feed and fight there with all the vim of summer days. Now and then a few of the birds fly to the fountain and, standing on the ice between whistles, bathe in the cold water as leisurely and with as much pleasure, evidently, as a canary in an indoor cage.

One of the cold mornings last week an inquisitive customer waiting in a downtown drug store overheard a man in overalls ask for five cents worth of "carric acid." Presently another workman called for the same article. A few minutes later a big Irishman came in and got some.

"Are they going to make fake lemonade this cold day?" asked the inquisitive customer.

"Oh no," explained the clerk. Those men are plasterers. They mix the acid with water and use it for plastering. Some mornings I have a dozen calls for the stuff."

Men who carry timepieces of the cheaper sort, selling from 75 cents to \$2, will be correct, after this, in calling them clocks and not watches, for so has declared the classification committee of the Eastern Trunk Lines Association. The manufacturers, who sell them at 57½ cents to \$1 each, have been trying for years to get them classified as watches. They are technically known as pocket watches, as they are technically known, could be shipped by freight. It has been the practice to accept clocks as freight, but now as they get a line on what you can ship by express, which is more expensive. Thousands of dollars will be saved annually to shippers as a result of the new classification.

"You're ahead of us in some things," said a man from Chicago in the quick lunch place, "but on this hurry up feed game we've got you skinned a mile. In most of our quick lunch rooms, you seat yourself at the table and whisper your order in the ear of the waiter who confidentially bends over your shoulder. As soon as he gets a line on what you want, he faces the man who guards the coffee urns and ready-to-serve dishes, wiggles his fingers over the deaf and dumb alphabet and, in less than a minute your order is filled without unnecessary clamor."

A truck horse fed in Columbus Circle. The driver was trying to get a blanket under the animal's feet so that he wouldn't slip in the snow while getting up, when an automobile stopped near by.

"Get some ashes," advised the chauffeur; "they'll clean the wheels."

"Gwan," retorted the driver. "You're an engineer. Won't you know about horses?"

Blizzard week was hard on the mail carriers in many ways. So many locks on mailboxes downtown were covered with snow and ice that the collectors carried wax candles with which to thaw out the locks to get at the letters.

Paddy was dead, and at his home in West Thirty-fourth street a wake was in progress that his position in the shadowy world might be assured. Many of his friends were present, but as they sat around the room they grew grieved to notice the absence of the cheer which usually accompanies functions of the sort. Hints were dropped that increased liberality would meet with the unanimous approval of the friends of the deceased, but hints fell on stony ground and there was no doing but sit and think what the departed would say.

One mourner, however, was of the sort that leads rebellions. Rising slowly at the head of the table, he turned to the widow and said:

"Paddy was a fine man, and he was a friend of mine of many years. I'm not for going down 'till there's a man dead as a door nail. And in their private pidgin English he said to Abdullah:

"This is the way we treat crazy people in my country," said Abdullah, and he described four curves with the blade and let it rest over his heart, where he gave it a convulsive thrust.

"Don't kill him now," said Mr. White, still in pidgin English, "you'll spoil the dinner. He'll come back."

"All right," said Abdullah. "I'll get him, though," and he stuck the broad knife in the folds of his robe and went on with dinner.

The dinner wasn't wholly a success. Abdullah insisted on standing behind Mr. White's chair. Now and then when he caught Mr. Pottle's eye he would make some gesture toward his throat.

Just after the roast was served, White and Pottle, watching from the tails of their eyes, saw a charge cover over the feature of Abdullah. The Moor began to creep up on Jones. He was close behind Jones's legs, his left arm crept over the shoulder of his victim, his right hand crept into the folds of his robe, where the broad knife lay hidden.

It was a moment of tension. Pottle half rose from his chair. White tried to remember the first fall in jiu-jitsu—and then Abdullah's hand dropped to the table and grasped a dish, and Abdullah himself disappeared through the portieres into the kitchen.

"What's the matter with you, White?" Mr. Pottle looked well, said the unconscious Mr. White.

"Oh nothing. It's a little warm in here," said White.

Mr. Jones got out alive. When he paid his dinner bill Abdullah was out, and Jones was saved again. Then Mr. White got an interpreter from a rug store and explained fully to Abdullah the difference between Moorish and American ideas on slave etiquette.

On Saturday, however, it happened that a man came to the studio to have his portrait painted. He'd heard about Abdullah, but he hadn't informed the vizier waiting for the painter. Abdullah came in and slapped him on the back, and the vizier made the same mistake as Jones. White came in just in time to see the return slap, and further to see Abdullah duck for the kitchen. The manner in which Mr. White hurried his visitor out to have a drink and a cigar, and to see for the first time the Moorish slave, was heard to strike it from within.

White succeeded in remembering an engagement and making an appointment with his prospective sister for next Tuesday. Then he went back to the studio and another first slave sale to be held in New York for next Tuesday.

"This thing is getting to be a matter of business," said Mr. White.

## "Raffles"

Those who enjoy a good detective story should read the adventures of "Raffles," the Gentleman Burglar, appearing in

## Collier's

The National Weekly

"The Chest of Silver" now on sale

## POLICEMAN IN SNOW GRAFT.

ARRESTED FOR OFFERING STOLEN SNOW TICKETS AT CUT RATES.

Each Worth 33 Cents—His Price Was \$50 for 900 and He Admits That He Knew They Were Stolen—One of Contractor's Sons' Superintendents Also Arrested.

Patrolman Frank G. Fletcher of the Macdougall street station was arrested yesterday by Special Policeman Reardon on a charge of receiving stolen snow removal tickets. An employee of William Bradley & Son, who have the contract for removing the snow, was arrested by Reardon on Saturday night for stealing the tickets, and the District Attorney expects at least one other arrest.

Mr. Bradley recently discovered what he believed to be an extensive swindling scheme and he went to see the District Attorney at once. The tickets, which are worth 33 1-3 cents apiece when presented for payment, are distributed by the contractors among their superintendents to give to drivers, one for every load of snow actually dumped on the river. Mr. Bradley said that the number of tickets issued hasn't tallied with the number of loads dumped into the river as counted by the inspectors. A large number of tickets was missing and he suspected that some of the drivers provided with the stolen tickets had carted their loads only a short distance from the starting point and after dumping them into the street had returned for more.

Policeman Reardon, whom Mr. Jerome sent to investigate, was told that Julius E. W. Bendt, a superintendent in Bradley's employ, had left the contractor's office at 154 East Twenty-fourth street, about 5 o'clock on Friday evening with a large number of tickets. Bendt returned about 8 o'clock and told Mr. Bradley that he had been robbed of 900 tickets. The contractor wasn't satisfied with the explanation.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock the same evening another superintendent named Walsh was seized by the men, one of them a former policeman. The policeman and his companion asked Walsh if he wanted to buy 900 snow removal tickets for \$50. The tickets were worth about \$300. The policeman had in his hands two pads of 100 tickets apiece and admitted, according to Walsh, that they had been stolen. The superintendent and the two men went to a saloon at Seventy-ninth street and Avenue C and talked the matter over. The policeman said that he had to go on reserve at Macdougall street station at 8 o'clock, but would like to talk the matter over with Walsh again. Walsh at once reported the interview to Mr. Bradley.

Reardon started in by arresting Bendt on Saturday. Bendt was arraigned in the Yorkville court yesterday and held in \$500 for examination to-morrow.

After court, Reardon learned the number of the policeman from Walsh and then went to the Macdougall street station. He asked for Fletcher, who was locked up in the station house, and Acting Captain Hughes sent for him. Fletcher begged not to be arrested, but admitted that he knew the tickets and was locked up in the station house, and will be arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court this morning. He is 37 years old and has been on the force since 1897. He has a wife and several children. Twenty police complaints have been lodged against him according to the District Attorney.

Mr. Jerome refused to allow who the man was who accompanied Fletcher when Walsh was approached.

## SOFA PILLOW FOR A HORSE.

Sammaritan of Sixty-first Street Makes a Fallen Animal More Comfortable.

A big brown horse hitched to a truck fell on the icy asphalt pavement in West Sixty-first street, near Broadway, yesterday afternoon, and being pretty well exhausted from the heavy pulling, he was unable to get up.

The driver, with three or four volunteer helpers, made a few vain attempts to get the horse on its feet. Failing, the driver pulled a blanket from his seat and threw it over the horse, tucking the ends under its body.

By this time a crowd had gathered and every neighborhood in the neighborhood had at least two heads. Suddenly a woman, hatless and coatless, came from one of the flat houses and pushed her way through the crowd.

"Driver," asked the woman, "will you lift his head, please?"

The driver lifted the horse's head while the woman put a light green sofa cushion under it. She seemed well pleased with her work, and, turning to the driver, said: "Is that blanket warm enough, or do you want me to bring you down some bed-clothes?"

"No, thanks, madam," answered the driver, "guess he's warm enough."

Content, the woman returned to her home after a final look at the horse. The driver turned to a man in the crowd and said:

"He'll never get up now. Why, he'll just die on that pillow."

## MRS. ROGERS TO DIE ON FRIDAY.

Gov. Bell Will Not Change His Determination to Interfere.

WINDSOR, Vt., Jan. 29.—Mrs. Mary Mabel Rogers must be hanged on next Friday. Gov. Bell remains steadfast to his decision that he is to see that the law is executed and not to interfere with it. Seven murderers, each of whom escaped the noose by executive clemency, are serving life sentences in State prison or insane asylums.

Attorneys in Windsor are not inclined to speculate on the petition to be heard by the Supreme Court at Montpelier on Monday if presented. There is only one opinion. There will be no stay of execution ordered on such petition if it is presented because, as lawyers here agree, the case is closed by the death warrant issued. It has never been the practice of the Vermont court to grant such a petition unless such new evidence is submitted as would entirely reverse the verdict or, in other words, would prove the prisoner's absolute innocence.

"THE DUCHESSE OF DANTZIG" TO TOUR.

And George Edwards Will Then Bring Here an English Company in "Veronique."

The success of "The Duchess of Dantzig" at Daly's has led George Edwards to arrange with Klaw & Erlanger for a tour of this country next season with the entire company now presenting the piece here. It will open the new Montauk Theatre in Brooklyn on Sept. 17.

In addition, Mr. Edwards has agreed to produce "Veronique" with the English company now presenting it in London, as soon as the English season closes.

## DIGGING OUT CONEY ISLAND.

REAL MONEY IS CIRCULATING THERE IN BLEAK WINTER.

Esquimaux Get to Work With a Will at Twenty Cents an Hour—Were Not Afraid of Snow—How and Where Some of the Money Received Was Spent at Night.

Coney Island came back to life yesterday. Street Cleaning Commissioner Woodbury was responsible for the resurrection. He sent an inspector from the snow removal bureau to the summer playground, which had been overlooked during the hustle of the hands or days when New York was shaking off its winter. The beautiful, Manhattan, Brooklyn and even Long Island City had burrowed out from beneath the high piled snow by Saturday night, but Coney was a bleak and frigid desert when yesterday morning's sun climbed out of the ocean and sent warm rays broadcast over that section of this great city which is the most thickly populated portion on a hot summer night.

The bright sun didn't arouse Coney. It slumbered on. When the snow removing inspector took up a position in front of the Palast loop and announced that he needed men and carts there was something doing. The inspector showed a batch of tickets and stated that these same tickets could be exchanged for real money at nightfall. Then Coney ceased its hibernation. All that this representative of the Street Cleaning Department wanted in exchange for his list of tickets and subsequent money was work, and he got it.

Coney Island was almost instantly transformed from a torpid and lethargic state into one of throbbing activity at the time of 20 cents an hour. The more fortunate huckster and small merchant got out his cart and harnessed a stiff muscled horse. He was hired at the rate of \$3.50 a day—a lot of money in Coney Island at this season of the year. The rank and file of the island's population had no intent to let them and subsequent money was work, and he got it.

The news that real money could be had for the shovelling spread to the banks of Coney Island Creek, where the Esquimaux village from Luna Park has been giving a free exhibition of getting back to nature and leading the Alaskan simple life.

These worthy sons of the North pruned cracker-jacks and the two men went to a saloon at Seventy-ninth street and Avenue C and talked the matter over. The policeman said that he had to go on reserve at Macdougall street station at 8 o'clock, but would like to talk the matter over with Walsh again. Walsh at once reported the interview to Mr. Bradley.

Reardon started in by arresting Bendt on Saturday. Bendt was arraigned in the Yorkville court yesterday and held in \$500 for examination to-morrow.

After court, Reardon learned the number of the policeman from Walsh and then went to the Macdougall street station. He asked for Fletcher, who was locked up in the station house, and Acting Captain Hughes sent for him. Fletcher begged not to be arrested, but admitted that he knew the tickets and was locked up in the station house, and will be arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court this morning. He is 37 years old and has been on the force since 1897. He has a wife and several children. Twenty police complaints have been lodged against him according to the District Attorney.

Mr. Jerome refused to allow who the man was who accompanied Fletcher when Walsh was approached.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock the same evening another superintendent named Walsh was seized by the men, one of them a former policeman. The policeman and his companion asked Walsh if he wanted to buy 900 snow removal tickets for \$50. The tickets were worth about \$300. The policeman had in his hands two pads of 100 tickets apiece and admitted, according to Walsh, that they had been stolen. The superintendent and the two men went to a saloon at Seventy-ninth street and Avenue C and talked the matter over. The policeman said that he had to go on reserve at Macdougall street station at 8 o'clock, but would like to talk the matter over with Walsh again. Walsh at once reported the interview to Mr. Bradley.

Reardon started in by arresting Bendt on Saturday. Bendt was arraigned in the Yorkville court yesterday and held in \$500 for examination to-morrow.

After court, Reardon learned the number of the policeman from Walsh and then went to the Macdougall street station. He asked for Fletcher, who was locked up in the station house, and Acting Captain Hughes sent for him. Fletcher begged not to be arrested, but admitted that he knew the tickets and was locked up in the station house, and will be arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court this morning. He is 37 years old and has been on the force since 1897. He has a wife and several children. Twenty police complaints have been lodged against him according to the District Attorney.

Mr. Jerome refused to allow who the man was who accompanied Fletcher when Walsh was approached.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock the same evening another superintendent named Walsh was seized by the men, one of them a former policeman. The policeman and his companion asked Walsh if he wanted to buy 900 snow removal tickets for \$50. The tickets were worth about \$300. The policeman had in his hands two pads of 100 tickets apiece and admitted, according to Walsh, that they had been stolen. The superintendent and the two men went to a saloon at Seventy-ninth street and Avenue C and talked the matter over. The policeman said that he had to go on reserve at Macdougall street station at 8 o'clock, but would like to talk the matter over with Walsh again. Walsh at once reported the interview to Mr. Bradley.

Reardon started in by arresting Bendt on Saturday. Bendt was arraigned in the Yorkville court yesterday and held in \$500 for examination to-morrow.

After court, Reardon learned the number of the policeman from Walsh and then went to the Macdougall street station. He asked for Fletcher, who was locked up in the station house, and Acting Captain Hughes sent for him. Fletcher begged not to be arrested, but admitted that he knew the tickets and was locked up in the station house, and will be arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court this morning. He is 37 years old and has been on the force since 1897. He has a wife and several children. Twenty police complaints have been lodged against him according to the District Attorney.

Mr. Jerome refused to allow who the man was who accompanied Fletcher when Walsh was approached.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock the same evening another superintendent named Walsh was seized by the men, one of them a former policeman. The policeman and his companion asked Walsh if he wanted to buy 900 snow removal tickets for \$50. The tickets were worth about \$300. The policeman had in his hands two pads of 100 tickets apiece and admitted, according to Walsh, that they had been stolen. The superintendent and the two men went to a saloon at Seventy-ninth street and Avenue C and talked the matter over. The policeman said that he had to go on reserve at Macdougall street station at 8 o'clock, but would like to talk the matter over with Walsh again. Walsh at once reported the interview to Mr. Bradley.

Reardon started in by arresting Bendt on Saturday. Bendt was arraigned in the Yorkville court yesterday and held in \$500 for examination to-morrow.

After court, Reardon learned the number of the policeman from Walsh and then went to the Macdougall street station. He asked for Fletcher, who was locked up in the station house, and Acting Captain Hughes sent for him. Fletcher begged not to be arrested, but admitted that he knew the tickets and was locked up in the station house, and will be arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court this morning. He is 37 years old and has been on the force since 1897. He has a wife and several children. Twenty police complaints have been lodged against him according to the District Attorney.

Mr. Jerome refused to allow who the man was who accompanied Fletcher when Walsh was approached.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock the same evening another superintendent named Walsh was seized by the men, one of them a former policeman. The policeman and his companion asked Walsh if he wanted to buy 900 snow removal tickets for \$50. The tickets were worth about \$300. The policeman had in his hands two pads of 100 tickets apiece and admitted, according to Walsh, that they had been stolen. The superintendent and the two men went to a saloon at Seventy-ninth street and Avenue C and talked the matter over. The policeman said that he had to go on reserve at Macdougall street station at 8 o'clock, but would like to talk the matter over with Walsh again. Walsh at once reported the interview to Mr. Bradley.

Reardon started in by arresting Bendt on Saturday. Bendt was arraigned in the Yorkville court yesterday and held in \$500 for examination to-morrow.

After court, Reardon learned the number of the policeman from Walsh and then went to the Macdougall street station. He asked for Fletcher, who was locked up in the station house, and Acting Captain Hughes sent for him. Fletcher begged not to be arrested, but admitted that he knew the tickets and was locked up in the station house, and will be arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court this morning. He is 37 years old and has been on the force since 1897. He has a wife and several children. Twenty police complaints have been lodged against him according to the District Attorney.

Mr. Jerome refused to allow who the man was who accompanied Fletcher when Walsh was approached.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock the same evening another superintendent named Walsh was seized by the men, one of them a former policeman. The policeman and his companion asked Walsh if he wanted to buy 900 snow removal tickets for \$50. The tickets were worth about \$300. The policeman had in his hands two pads of 100 tickets apiece and admitted, according to Walsh, that they had been stolen. The superintendent and the two men went to a saloon at Seventy-ninth street and Avenue C and talked the matter over. The policeman said that he had to go on reserve at Macdougall street station at 8 o'clock, but would like to talk the matter over with Walsh again. Walsh at once reported the interview to Mr. Bradley.

Reardon started in by arresting Bendt on Saturday. Bendt was arraigned in the Yorkville court yesterday and held in \$500 for examination to-morrow.

After court, Reardon learned the number of the policeman from Walsh and then went to the Macdougall street station. He asked for Fletcher, who was locked up in the station house, and Acting Captain Hughes sent for him. Fletcher begged not to be arrested, but admitted that he knew the tickets and was locked up in the station house, and will be arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court this morning. He is 37 years old and has been on the force since 1897. He has a wife and several children. Twenty police complaints have been lodged against him according to the District Attorney.

Mr. Jerome refused to allow who the man was who accompanied Fletcher when Walsh was approached.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock the same evening another superintendent named Walsh was seized by the men, one of them a former policeman. The policeman and his companion asked Walsh if he wanted to buy 900 snow removal tickets for \$50. The tickets were worth about \$300. The policeman had in his hands two pads of 100 tickets apiece and admitted, according to Walsh, that they had been stolen. The superintendent and the two men went to a saloon at Seventy-ninth street and Avenue C and talked the matter over. The policeman said that he had to go on reserve at Macdougall street station at 8 o'clock, but would like to talk the matter over with Walsh again. Walsh at once reported the interview to Mr. Bradley.

Reardon started in by arresting Bendt on Saturday. Bendt was arraigned in the Yorkville court yesterday and held in \$500 for examination to-morrow.

After court, Reardon learned the number of the policeman from Walsh and then went to the Macdougall street station. He asked for Fletcher, who was locked up in the station house, and Acting Captain Hughes sent for him. Fletcher begged not to be arrested, but admitted that he knew the tickets and was locked up in the station house, and will be arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court this morning. He is 37 years old and has been on the force since 1897. He has a wife and several children. Twenty police complaints have been lodged against him according to the District Attorney.

## W.&amp;J. SLOANE

WE devote special attention to the execution of orders for Whole Carpets, which are made in one piece without seams and to fit any space, weaving them from designs prepared by our own artists

WHOLE CARPETS are made by hand in French Aubusson and Savonnerie, English hand-tufted and Scotch Chenille Axminster, also in Berlin, India and Turkish weaves. They are particularly appropriate for richly furnished rooms

BROADWAY &amp; 19th STREET

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Another recruit to the literary colony in New York is Mr. Will N. Harben, author of "The Georgians," "Abner Daniel" and other graphic pictures of Georgian life. Mr. Harben is very much impressed by certain commercial methods of the Northern metropolis, which it would seem by inference are foreign to his section of the country.

Visiting the shop of a dealer in antiques in pursuit of a table, he found one of rare design which the dealer said he had refused \$90 for on several occasions because he believed it to be worth \$100. On this particular day, however, being in need of cash to pay his rent, he offered the article for half its value. To confirm his statement, just at this point the rent collector appeared and was unpleasantly insistent that the dealer settle at once or be dispossessed. Mr. Harben was about to conclude his purchase, believing that he had found a rare bargain, and actually had the money in hand when the dealer's wife came into the shop and greeted the rent collector with an effusive familiarity that ill accorded with the role he was assuming. The Georgian put away his money, made a mental note of Northern methods of stimulating business and departed, saying as a parting